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Philadelphia, Saturday, October 19, 1918

DIRT AND WARD POLITICS

SOONER or later the poor and the unformed in the crowded quarters of the city will learn that the pretensions of friendliness by which ward politicians retain their support are not only spurious but tragically expensive in the end.

It is the delusion of the average man that politics does not touch his life. The state of the streets downtown, the extent to which contractors' negligence has contributed to the death rate and to general suffering during the influenza epidemic show how certainly political evil will react upon the community that tolerates it.

Ward politicians contributed a few buckets of coal or a month's rent now and then to some of the families that ultimately had to pay with the lives of their members for the imagined favor.

The crooked ward politician is a menace. He always has been a menace to free institutions. The time is coming when he will no longer be tolerated.

Despite their alleged deficiency in airplanes, the Germans are still setting a lively standard in flight.

BONNIWELL ENTERS WAR WORK

BECAUSE of his continued isolation in the affairs of his campaign Judge Bonniwell has seemed to be regardless of the trends of the war and the interests of the soldiers, he at least has become aware at last of the obligations of political candidates.

Judge Bonniwell has started a campaign for the collection of "used playing cards" to be sent to the front for the lads in the trenches. With great feeling he observes that there must be many decks of old and discarded playing cards in clubs about town that could be diverted to patriotic uses.

Dear, dear! Doubtless there are many dog-eared poker decks that might be so diverted. There may be stale cigars, too, and broken poker chips unfitted to the uses of gentlemen who frequent political clubs but good enough for soldiers at the front.

What causes us to wonder, however, is that a politician so astute as Judge Bonniwell and one so alive to the odd and fantastic uses to which a war can be put failed to agitate for armored checkers-boards with which our men might relieve the ennui of the battlefield and brighten hours in which they have nothing to do but drive wild beasts out of Europe, fight poison gas and avoid a shell a minute.

Food conditions in the dual monarchy have been variously reported, but the truth is coming out at last with the knowledge that Hungary's restricted diet has been reduced to investive.

INFAMY

IT IS the immediate and unavoidable duty of the State Department of Health and of the city department under Doctor Krusen's direction to determine the truth or untruth of the charges made against those cemeteries and undertakers said to have profited during the present epidemic.

If there are in this community men or corporations willing to plunder the afflicted and take advantage of death and agony for extortionate profits they are guilty of conduct too infamous for words. The public will demand the truth in this connection. The Health Department is, so far as we can see, the only agency that has power adequate to reveal the truth and publish the names of the

No, Wilbur, my boy, you needn't think because Congress passes a bill every now and then that you can rightfully escape shipping any of your obligations to help produce the final one of the Liberty Loan.

DENMARK TAKES NOTICE

IT IS reported that Denmark feels aggrieved because the "fourteen points" contain no specific reference to Schleswig-Holstein, taken by Prussia through conquest and intrigue in 1866.

Bismarckian chicanery and Hun greed, backed by force, were seldom more glaringly displayed than in the theft from the Danes of two of their fairest provinces. It is Denmark's misfortune, however, that her perilous geographical position with regard to Germany, and especially the Kiel Canal, has compelled her to remain throughout the war the most patient of the harassed neutrals. She has been comparatively quiet about the deep wrong done her in the inaugural stages of the Hun career of arrogance.

The world has a way of listening to those who talk the loudest, and hence the Schleswig-Holstein question has been somewhat sidetracked. That Copenhagen is now with a new passionate fervor a significant index that the Hun is not yet a southern neighbor is sbbing

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY AND THE AUSTRIAN PROCLAMATION

The Governments Must Be Remade in Accordance With the Wishes of the Peoples Themselves

RAPIDLY moving events are proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that justice is mighty and will prevail. The program for the world's peace which Mr. Wilson laid down in his speech of January 8 is being accepted with a speed beyond the wildest dreams of the optimists, and it is being accepted because it is just. We entered the war, according to the President, because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world were made secure against their recurrence.

We demanded that the world be made fit and safe to live in for every peace-loving nation. All the peoples of the world, as the President said, are partners in this interest, and we saw then as we see now that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The program of the world's peace was based on a demand for justice.

It was an ideal which Mr. Wilson held up and some of us were so lacking in faith as to believe that it was impossible of realization. For example, when he said that the peoples of Austria-Hungary should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development we all admitted that this ought to happen, but that it was unlikely in our time.

But within a little more than nine months from the date when this ideal was formulated the Emperor of Austria has issued a decree setting forth that "Austria must become, in conformity with the will of its people, a confederate State in which each nationality shall form on the territory which it occupies its own local autonomy."

This means a federated Austria, made up of States controlled by the Czechs-Slovaks, the Austrians, the Illyrians and the Ruthenians. The independence of the Czechs-Slovaks of Bohemia has already been recognized by France, England and the United States; but there is no Czech-Slovak government save on paper. There is a large group of Czechs which will be satisfied with autonomy. It may be satisfied for Austria to conciliate the malcontents and save her territory by the very course which Emperor Charles has adopted, even though the Czech leaders at present insist on absolute independence. And the same policy of conciliation can remove the causes of discontent among the other races in Austria proper.

But the President in his reply to the Austro-Hungarian request for an armistice says that conditions have changed to such an extent since January 8 that the different peoples in Austria-Hungary, and not he, must decide whether they wish to have autonomy or absolute independence. This is in line with the spirit of justice which inspired the January speech and an extension of it to meet changing conditions.

This policy of conciliation has already begun. The attempt to found a remodeled Austria upon the principle of justice is under way. There remains the Polish question to be settled and the position of Hungary in the dual empire must be readjusted. The disposition of the Austrian territory inhabited by Italians is still undecided. But the attitude of mind which has led the Emperor to issue his decree gives promise for an equitable settlement of these issues.

But nothing of this kind would have been done at this time if it had not been for the reason of justice which the President of the United States hid in the meal of the world's thinking and left to do its perfect work. The whole lump is not yet leavened, but the stuff is still active. Before it began to manifest itself in Austria it showed that it was producing some effect in Germany, for the changes in the Constitution of the empire enlarging the powers of the Reichstag over war and peace are directly due to the demand made from Washington that the right to make their will effective be accorded to the people.

What is happening now gives promise that the whole program will be adopted before there is an end to the changes in progress. Belgium will be evacuated and restored. Germany will get out of Russia and the opportunity to develop their own institutions under the tutelage of disinterested Powers will be given to the Russians. The injustice done to Alsace-Lorraine in 1870 will be undone. The frontiers of Italy will be remade on racial lines. The Dardanelles will be opened to all nations. Serbia will be restored with access to the sea and Poland will be established with a port on the Baltic and a general association of nations will be formed for the purpose of assuring political independence and territorial integrity to great and small nations alike.

These are great days in which we are living, the like of which the sun never before dawned upon. And every American should be proud of his citizenship in a nation whose chosen leader has been able to lift up in the sight of the world an ideal of such magnetic power as to draw all the other nations to it, even though some of them approach it unwillingly.

Even though it was the British who re-deemed Belgium it was unquestionably the Yank method which so effectively ousted the Huns.

UNRECONCILED DEMOCRATS

PRESIDENT WILSON, if memory serves, is the last man living who could look backward upon the Democratic party machinery of his own State and view it as a citadel of patriotism, fair play and imaginative statesmanship. Mr. Wilson's own experiences with the New Jersey Democracy

were not always reassuring. When he left Princeton to become a candidate for the governorship a large part of his own party chose to regard him as a rank outsider. As his campaign progressed there were those among the leaders of his side who did not hesitate to use against him the infamous bipartisan machinery that served so long to maintain boss rule and corruption throughout the State. But the man from Princeton lifted his fight above party politics. He refused to act as if the essential interests of the people were divided on party lines. And he won. The President seems always to have been ready to admit that neither political party holds a monopoly on righteousness.

It is all the more diverting, therefore, to read the promises being made by State Chairman MacDonald to those anxious Democrats in the State who are not yet reconciled to the rule of adjoined politics. Mr. MacDonald assures the candidates under his wing that the President himself and Mr. Tumulty may visit New Jersey to stump in their behalf for the good of the party. The courage of the Jersey Democrats must be at a pretty low ebb when such wild promises as these are necessary. The State chairman qualifies the news carefully with the statement that the President will appear to help the party "if the circumstances of the war permit."

That provision is broadly inclusive. Those who aren't so intent upon a hunt for office as to lose all sense of the fitness of things will feel safely assured that the President will leave the Democrats in New Jersey to fight their own battles.

It has become altogether impossible for the Huns to "see by the dawn's early light" what so sadly they saw by the twilight's last gleaming. Cross-country running is unfavorable to any such pictorial permanency.

THE LAST DAY

TOMORROW the American soldiers in France will know how the Liberty Loan went at home. They will know whether the cause for which they are giving so much must rest upon their sacrifices alone and whether the people for whose liberties they are fighting are worth the effort.

Are we to let Europe know that the United States Government cannot have the fullest co-operation of every one of its citizens or that it cannot have the fullest help of every man, woman and child in this greatest hour of its history? Is the government to be forced to the unhappy necessity of extending the period of the Loan?

What have you done to show your love of country and your allegiance? Today every citizen must feel acutely the sort of responsibility that falls to a soldier in the field.

The private citizen of small means is not without the advantage of splendid examples. Banks and business houses and corporations have done wonderful things. John Wanamaker and Rodman Wanamaker and the employes in their two stores have shown how Americans should behave by subscribing the sum of \$12,723,000. The Philadelphia Saving Fund Society takes \$15,000,000. The First National Bank of Philadelphia has added \$10,000,000 to the Government's resources by its individual purchases of Liberty Bonds. There are many others doing thus nobly, but not enough.

Buy a bond today. Subscribe again, even though you have subscribed before. If Philadelphia permits the day to pass without meeting its quota it will have failed for the first time in its history to give its fullest support to the Government in an emergency.

The record of British heroism in the present war will shine through all history to inspire men as long as books are written and read. The French have passed through successive infernos and always have been able to smile even in the midst of fire. One of the noblest and saddest chapters of the war is the story of the Russian armies that went to their end without arms or leaders in the early days of the cataclysm. One conviction is inevitable after a survey of any day's war news. When governments can become as noble, as generous and as valiant as the peoples whom they so often misrepresent the world will be safe not only for democracy, but for all the other things that make life worth while.

News headlines under the heading of "Our Hat is Off, Too" furlled above the narrative of the part played by Pennsylvania regiments in France say, fairly enough, that no town in all this State is without a hero. And yet since there began a good part of the suffering has fallen to those who remain behind and to "women who remember in the night." So, we wish here to remark, with our hat off, that no Pennsylvania town is without its heroine.

READER'S VIEW POINT

Neglect of the Italian Quarter Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—Your article referring to the condition of the streets in the Italian community deserve the gratitude of all the residents of South Philadelphia.

The dirtiest alley in Naples is cleaner than many parts of Christian street. As to garbage, the only hope of having it collected on certain main streets is to coax the ashmen to take it with the rubbish. Between Tenth and Eleventh, on Sester street, a garbage wagon would astound the neighborhood. I have made repeated appeals to supposed authorities, with the result that it was collected once. If refuse is thrown in those small streets—just where else would the city prefer the people to throw it? With much inconvenience we hurried ours all last winter. Chief Hicks is not the least to be blamed among those responsible. The police do not enforce the law, and no one can ask our working classes to do their part if the city authorities and street sweepers do not do theirs.

There are many problems in the Italian district which require immediate attention: The congested and badly drained and house-to-house exposed to street dust on every street; lack of playgrounds, etc. In this great district of epidemic influenza the dirtiest and most neglected streets have been horribly soiled by the sickened people. Indescribable scenes have taken place, and I have asked myself if there is any law in this city. Where are all the intendants and house-to-house cleaners? I am convinced that we must take these matters up ourselves—by organizing our political forces and by destroying political bosses among us. If we can have neither clean streets nor police protection, we will be unable to have any of our rights respected. Why not organize at once and in a permanent manner protect the rights of the community?

General indignation has reached its climax, and it seems to me that the time is ripe for a drastic step. T. E. DELLA CIOPPA, L'Emmanuel Italian Episcopal Mission, Philadelphia, October 18.

THE CHAFFING DISH

"The Mail's In, Boys!" By William McFee

Extra-Special Correspondent of The Chaffing Dish in Mediterranean Waters "A MAIL has just arrived." For those who live in houses at home, or even those who are in France, the words would not mean so much. But in the Levant a mail is an event. It comes like a visitation, at uncertain periods. No man can foretell the coming of a mail. Time was when shipping offices had wind of such things by wireless, when such and such a ship was signaled as due, and when the arrival of that ship in harbor was signaled in joyful flags from Lloyd's station. Now that is all changed. The Gentle Spy who sat in the bar of the Eastern Exchange Hotel and listened to the shipping news of the Seven Seas is out of a job. He gazes sadly at the notices plastered everywhere, *Beaucoup d'Espis*, and wonders how he is going to earn his pay under such adverse conditions. For the British have so fixed things up now that nobody knows anything. There are no mail routes, no mail ship, no mail days. We jog along in our daily rut for a few weeks, and then one day some one says meditatively, "Bout time we had a mail," and the others nod. A day or so later the impression grows in strength that it is about time we had a mail. A quartermaster tells the C. P. O. (chief petty officer) that he heard up at the naval cantonment that there was a mail in. The paymaster tells the surgeon that he heard on Monitor 999 that there is a mail in. We all get geared up to the notion of a mail coming in. Some, mes the excitement dies away and there is no mail, leaving us flat, stale and unprofitable. On one dreadful occasion we passed six weeks in letterless lassitude. It was a Christmas mail, too, and it arrived at the end of January. Several heads are prematurely gray over that.

BUT that was exceptional. As a rule, after a few days of this entirely gratuitous optimism about a mail being in we subside into a patient expectancy. Some of us review our past conduct and debate whether we have written sufficient faithful answers to justify hopes of a good mail. Some reflect that this mail will certainly include a subscription renewal form from the Tufthunters' Club or whatever body they may belong to. Others are foolishly elated because they expect four sheets covered with the vile scrawls of their inamorata. But the general tone is placid. We are tired to exile. We know the folks at home have got on for three years without us and have not yet drowned themselves, and a saving grace of humor keeps us from self-destruction, too. We snap at each other at times, as is inevitable on a ship. We criticize each other's personal habits. We transmit scandal. We join cliques and fall away from them. We are, in short, human.

BUT mark the change when the mail does come! Mark the sparkle in the eyes, the firm set of the mouths, the fresh ring of interest in the voices. Why, when the launch comes thudding alongside with its load of sacks, when the officers' smokeroom on the bridge deck (so called because nobody ever smokes there), when the postoffice orderly opens his knife and cuts the throats of those unresisting sacks and the rich tide of mail pours out upon the floor—why, this is a different ship. We clutch each our batch of letters and papers and like wild animals when they are fed rush away to our dens and devour them alone. We tear off the envelopes in a fury and laugh and chuckle at the most microscopic jokes. We fling away some one else's letters which have got in by mistake. We dive after the envelopes to see what the date may be. At dinner each one of us brags that his letters are of the most recent date. It is to be feared that some have suborned their folks at home to postdate their effusions, for no ship could do the voyage in the time claimed. But time, the great healer, assuages these acerbities and we drift away once more—to write our letters home. For by some astounding concatenation of perverse officialisms a heavy mail is often delivered on the afternoon of our closing day, or perhaps the very day we go to sea.

SO, IF you went round now, you might see us all hard at it. The commander in lonely grandeur in his suite, the officers in the wardroom, the men in the messdeck flats, the boys in their flat on the lower deck (just over the dynamo), are all engaged in the old, old game of writing home. Mothers and sweethearts get most, I fancy, though old shipmates come close. Here one writes to his father; here one, who has expectations, to an aunt. One, so the much-abused surgeon tells me, is our censor, carries on a most affectionate correspondence with his divorced wife. Another sends a weekly letter to his Sunday school class. Yet another corresponds with his pastor. But these are exceptions. Most of us are not at ease in Zion. We are of the humdrum human type. We like to write letters home, but by heavens how we like to get them!

There's a mail in, boys! Here is the best Liberty Loan epigram we have seen. It comes from a certain island at the mouth of the Hudson River and is signed by Sol Satin: *The Hun has one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel. Bomb him down and in with Bonds!*

Carl Ackerman reports that a shipment of American underwear and winter clothing has arrived at Vladivostok for the Czechs. A very practical way for Uncle Sam to endorse a Czech. SOCRATES.

Poch took Laon. Now it's up to us to take the Loan—without stint or limit. The season for Brussels sprouts is fast becoming ideal. It is evident that Reichsraths will leave a sinking ship of state. America is to get her lost hour back on October 27, but Germany's is forever unreturnable.

A minister without portfolio is not uncommon, but it looks as though we would soon see the congenial sight of a Kaiser without portfolio.

"TODAY AMERICA'S STRENGTH I'LL KNOW!"



WHAT A CONGRESSMAN SEES

Semi-weekly Letter Touching on the Washington Doings of Personalities Familiar to Philadelphians

By J. Hampton Moore

Washington, D. C., Oct. 19. UNITED STATES army engineers who worked on the Delaware River channel project have been making rapid promotions since the war began. Honors have been coming to others, but the most conspicuous of them all is Major General Joseph E. Kuhn, now in France. When he came to Philadelphia from the Norfolk district, he was Lieutenant Colonel Kuhn, a bright, keen and energetic officer, who had won his spurs in the Philippines and as a military observer in the Russo-Japanese war. He had also been stationed for a time at Berlin and had reported upon the German military maneuvers, so that he was particularly valuable to the nation when the war broke out. After leaving Philadelphia, where he had become well known to the maritime interests, Colonel Kuhn became president of the War College at Washington and eventually acquired the rank of a brigadier. When Camp Meade was organized he became its commanding officer and was advanced to the rank of a major general. One of the bright things he did at Camp Meade, apart from popularizing himself with the boys, was to get married to a lady who is quite active in social circles in Washington and Philadelphia. Another Delaware River engineer, who has advanced considerably is Herbert Deakney, who was a major when in charge of the Philadelphia district. Deakney had Pennsylvania connections and took a great interest in the Delaware channel project. He was so painstaking that some of the Philadelphia business men were disposed to feel that little progress would be made under his direction. He was regarded as a plodder, so cautious as to excite suspicion that he lacked confidence in himself. But the major disproved all that by his work. The order for a thirty-five-foot survey came along while he was in Philadelphia, and he proceeded with it without a flourish. The result was a report calling for a thirty-five-foot channel (the Delaware had less than three feet) at a cost of upward of \$10,000,000. We are now getting our thirty-five feet, in accordance with the Deakney plan. That the major's tactfulness (President Holton, of the Maritime Exchange; William R. Tucker, of the Board of Trade, and John W. Liberton, of the Atlantic Refining Company, will remember it) evinced no want of backbone was amply proved when on the next assignment, which was the Mississippi-Missouri district at St. Louis, he reported flatly against the Missouri River project despite the liveliest kick ever put up by the waterways boomers of that section. Even Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who is generally pretty solid for Missouri, stood in the uproar, but the major joined pat. When the first regiment of United States engineers was sent to France the major, advanced to colonel, went with them. His work in France has been so creditable that he has since been advanced to a brigadier generalship.

DR. HIRAM R. BURTON, of Lewes, Del., has more than a passing interest in Washington. When he was a member of Congress he had a brother here who conducted one of the leading hotels. The doctor was an active Congressman—he had to be, for he constituted the entire delegation from the State in the House. When an important bill was up, the whips would ask, "How does the Delaware delegation stand?" and the doctor would smile and say, "The Delaware delegation stands unanimously." After doing good work on waterways and fisheries, matters in which "the Blue Hen's Chickens" were interested, the doctor was caught in the Addicks-Higgins-Allee-du Pont imbroglio and went down. He was succeeded by William H. Heald, of Wilmington, likewise a Republican, who gave way to a Democrat, who was beaten by young Tom Miller, a Republican. Tom is now in the army, and the sitting member is Albert F. Polk, a Democrat, who has been renominated and will stand for re-election on the same ticket with Senator Saulsbury, president pro tem, of the Senate. Since Doctor Burton's term expired Delaware has sent in succession four other men to represent her in the lower house. The changes have been so rapid as to suggest the indifference of Delawareans to the general belief in the value of continuous service in Congress. One thing is sure; so long as Delaware's representatives last only one or two terms, the State will never be overburdened with high or influential positions in the House.

ABRIDGE across the Delaware as proposed by the Philadelphia-Camden bridge commission is not new, but, as with every other large project, it may be well to keep up the agitation. The idea of a "memorial" bridge was tried out in Washington before the two States, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, had as thorough working agreement on the subject as they now seem to have; but the bill went to the Committee on the Library of Congress, where all proposed memorials, monuments and so forth go, and there died a natural death. The trouble was to get Congress to understand why the United States should pay for the bridge. Possibly Congressman Vore's half-and-half plan may have better luck. The Congressman has a point of

advantage in being a member of the Appropriations Committee. THE big Commonwealth drydock at Boston is about to become the property of the United States. The Navy Department insists that it has no drydock north of Philadelphia large enough to accommodate some of the ships that have recently been constructed, and one large vessel is now needing drydock facilities so much as to force the issue. Some years ago the State of Massachusetts appropriated \$3,000,000 for port improvements, including a 1,200-foot drydock at Boston, but the terms were so rigid that when the dock was within \$350,000 of completion no additional funds could be had. The Federal Government undertook to lease the dock at \$50,000 per annum when the war broke out, but could not use it for the reason stated. It is now arranging to take over the whole property and complete the work by January at a cost of about \$4,550,000, including some additional land.

Liberty Loan Limericks

HOW slow is the tread of a snail! From speeding 'twill never grow pale; But you're not so slow— Leave your quota below, Buy Liberty Bonds with your kale.

JUST wait a few years, we shall see (About year nineteen-twenty-three) The money we lent To our great Government Was invested for you and for me.

A BEAUTIFUL thing is a prayer For support of our boys over there, But besides prayer they need (So the Lord has decreed) All the money and checks you can spare.

THE meanest of men ever known Thinks that his coin is his own, But he knows in his heart He's not doing his part Unless it is put in the loan. SQUEAKY 'ESTRAVOG.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who is the queen of Belgium?
2. How many millions make a billion?
3. Who was Louis Kosuth?
4. What is a bibliophile?
5. What tier in a theatre is known as the "fam" or "circle"?
6. Where is the Province?
7. What is the meaning of the Scotch word "sneak"?
8. What President was described by Lowell as "the Bird American"?
9. What is the parliament of Austria called?
10. Who owns the famous diamond called the Koh-i-noor?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz 1. In addition to the Trinitol which General Alton's army has just captured, there is a town of Trinitol in southern Greece and another one in the Italian colony of Tripoli on the North African shore of the Mediterranean. 2. An effluence in the sacred banner of St. Denis, a handkerchief of red silk received by early French kings from the abbey of St. Denis for starting wars. It is a device and sense the word describes anything material or ideal serving as a rallying point in a struggle. 3. "La Brabanconne" is the national hymn of Belgium. 4. Izet Pasha is the new prime minister of Turkey. 5. The orb is a globe surrounded by a crescent, is part of the regalia of the English crown. 6. Theodore O'Hara's well-known poem "The Bivouac of the Dead." It was written by the latter part of the fifth and the first part of the fourth century B. C. 7. A remarkable in a rabid or ebullient sense is a diminutive form of "causare." 8. Logan is a ship's term or vocabulary word on the bottom of the sea.

GEORGE G. PIERIE tells us that "Uncle" Dave Lane is in good form. George was never known to say anything